MS. MARVEL 10

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CIVIL WAR II

MS. MARVEL

WHEN A STRANGE TERRIGEN MIST DESCENDED UPON JERSEY CITY, KAMALA KHAN WAS IMBUED WITH POLYMORPH POWERS. USING HER NEW ABILITIES TO FIGHT EVIL AND PROTECT JERSEY CITY, SHE BECAME THE ALL-NEW MS. MARVEL.

RECENTLY, ULYSSES, A YOUNG INHUMAN WITH THE ABILITY TO FORESEE THE FUTURE, PROVIDED EARTH'S HEROES WITH INTEL THAT COULD STOP CRIMES BEFORE THEY HAPPENED. CAPTAIN MARVEL, KAMALA'S PERSONAL HERO, ENTRUSTED HER WITH THE COMMAND OF A SMALL TASK FORCE TO USE ULYSSES' VISIONS TO THEIR FULLEST.

KAMALA EXCITEDLY ACCEPTED THE MISSION, BUT HAS QUICKLY DISCOVERED THAT NOT EVERYONE AGREES WITH THE TENANTS OF "PREDICTIVE JUSTICE"—AND CONTINUING TO FIGHT FOR SOMETHING SHE'S NOT SURE OF COULD MEAN LOSING THOSE CLOSEST TO HER...

WRITER
G. WILLOW WILSON

ARTISTS
TAKESHI MIYAZAWA & ADRIAN ALPHONA

COLORIST
IAN HERRING

LETTERER
VC'S JOE CARAMAGNA

COVER ARTIST
CAMERON STEWART

VARIANT COVER ARTISTS
TRADD MOORE & MATTHEW WILSON

TITLE PAGE DESIGN
ANTHONY GAMBINO

ASSISTANT EDITOR
CHARLES BEACHAM

EDITOR
SANA AMANAT

EDITOR IN CHIEF
AXEL ALONSO

CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER
JOE QUESADA

PUBLISHER
DAN BUCKLEY

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER
ALAN FINE

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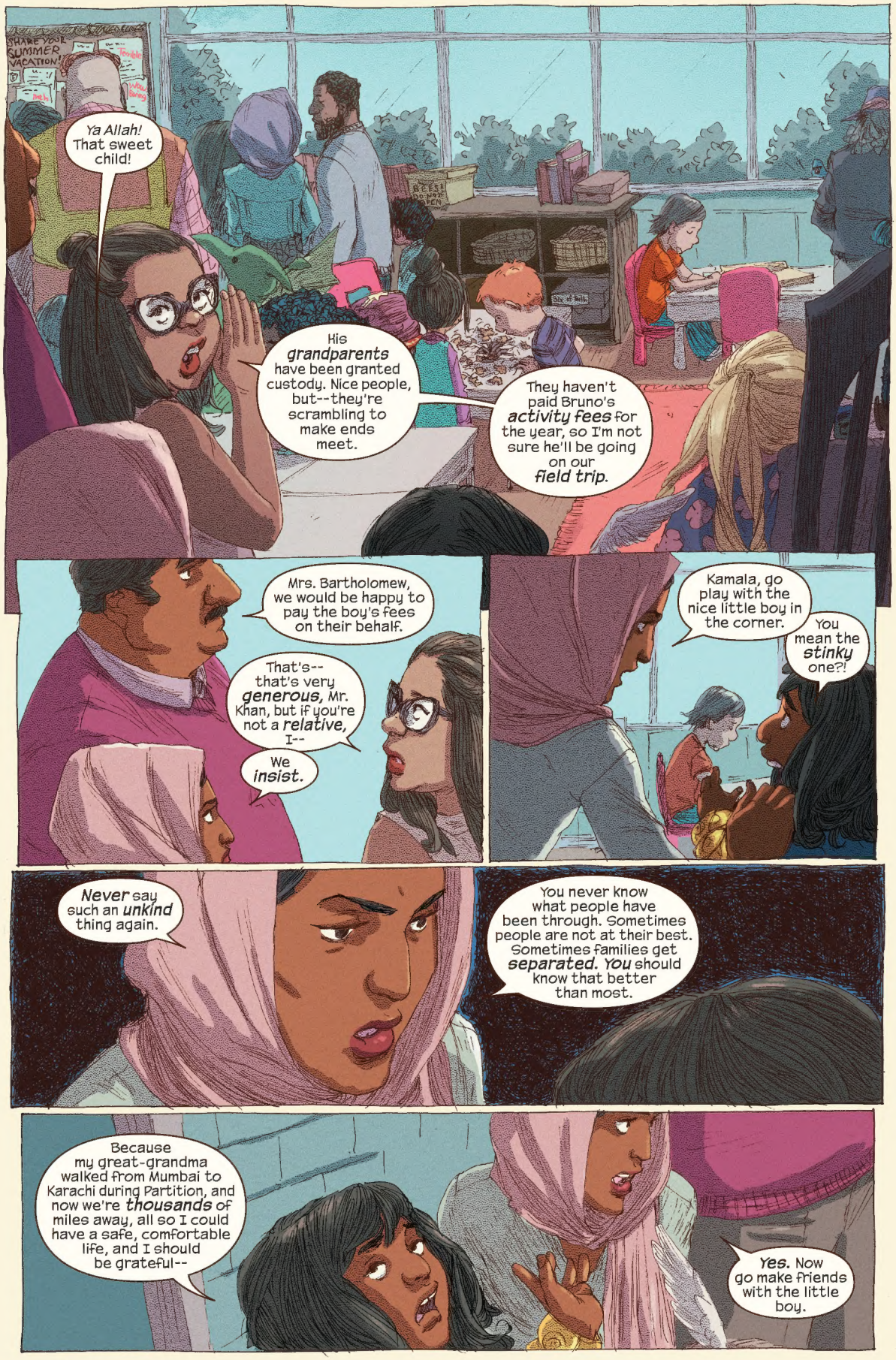
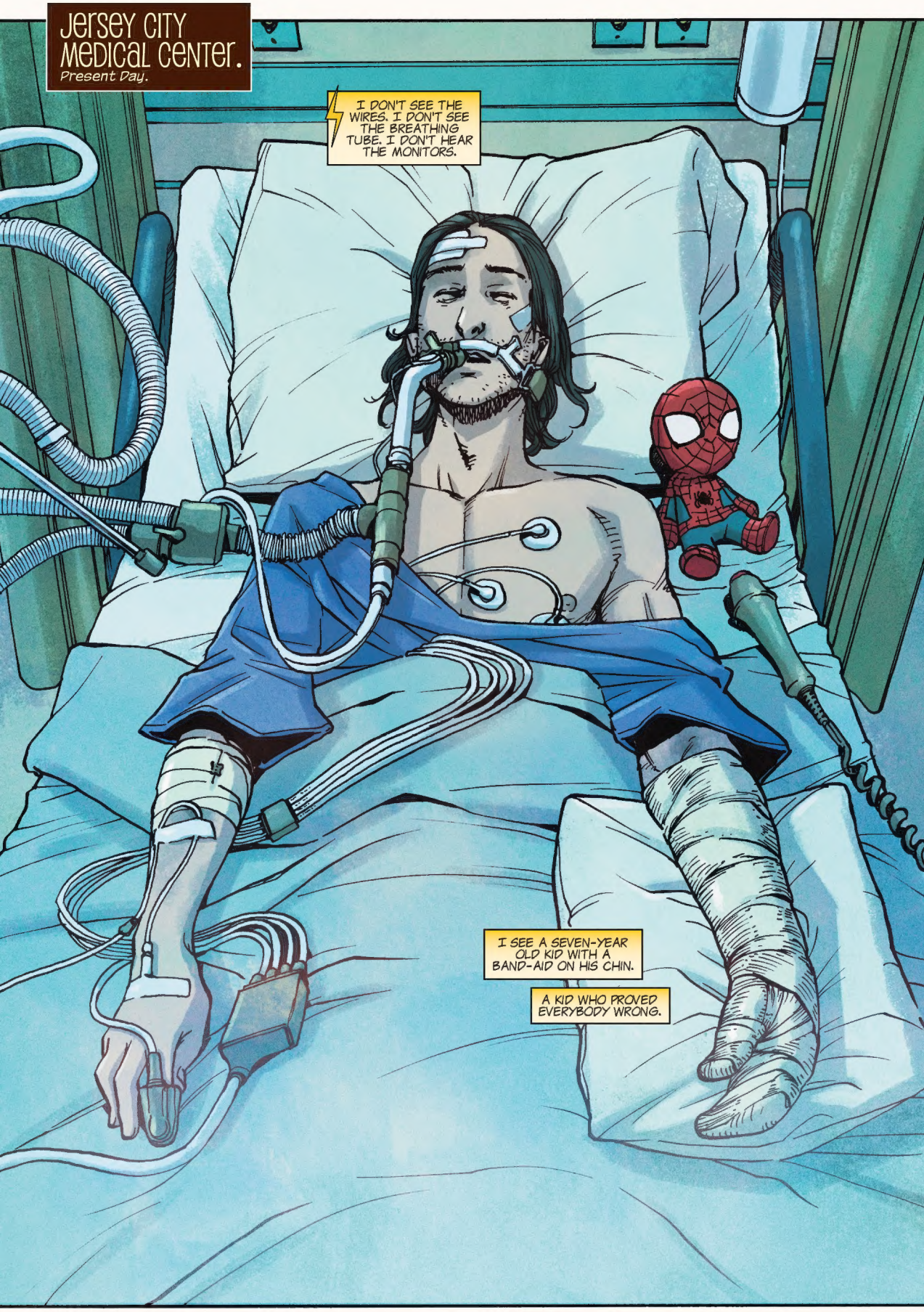
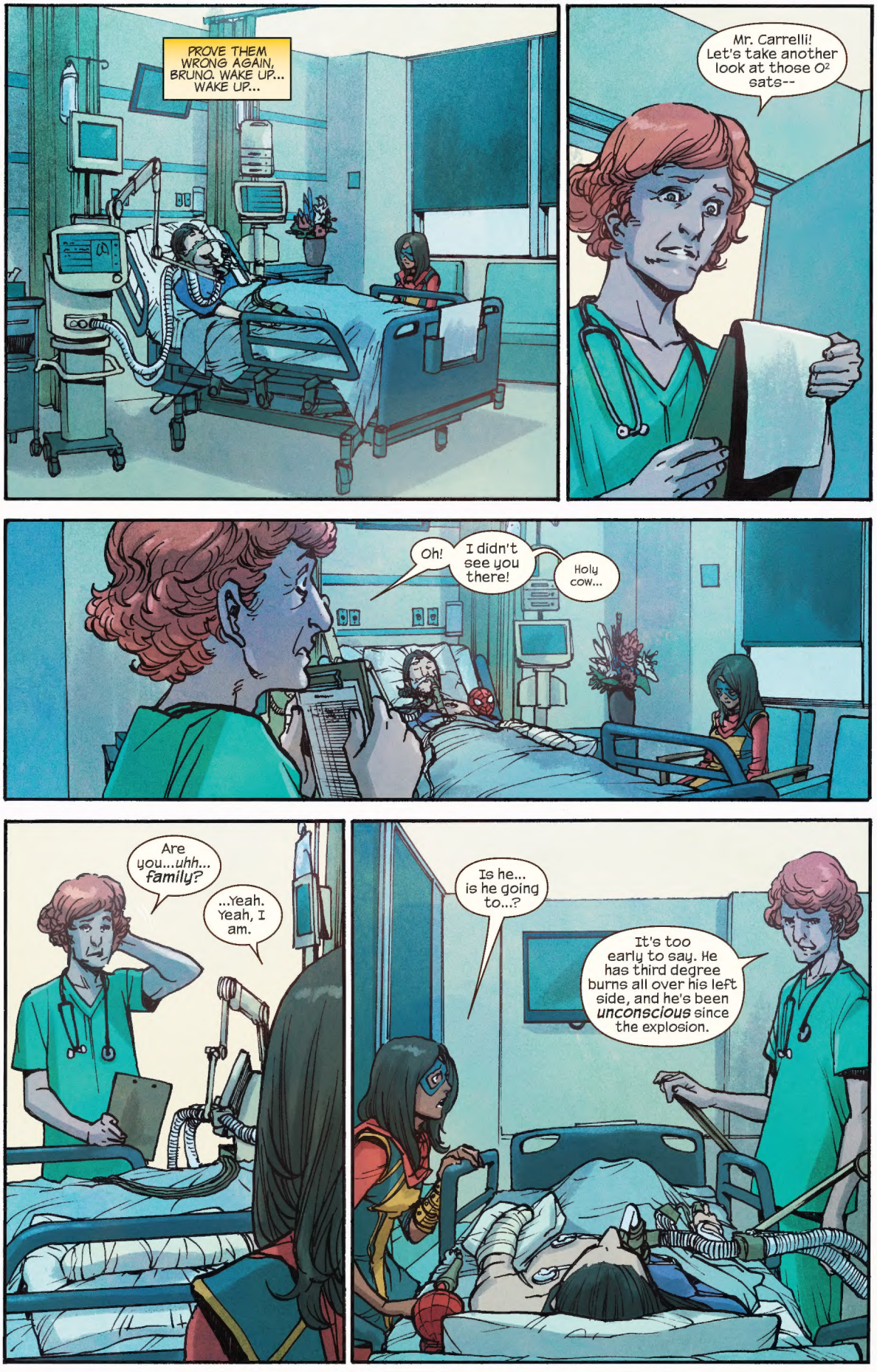
Jersey City.
Nine years ago.
Come along, Kamala! Don't you want to meet your teacher?
Nooo! This is so embarrassing!
I wanna go home and watch Tween Mutant Samurai Turtles!
WELCOME TO 2ND GRADE
HEY KIDS!! meet the CAT O NINE TAILS
SASS
WHO EVER SMELT IT DEALT IT
WHICH OF YOUR CLASSMATES NEEDS TO CHILL?
FIFTA BEAR WANTED FOR QUESTIONING
JIGGAWATT
That's enough, beta. No more sulking.
This is going to be fun--
Acha! What is that odor?!
Sshh! Mr. Khan! Please!
What did I say wrong?
It's the Carrelli boy. That tall kid in the corner. I don't want to embarrass him--
I don't think he's had a bath in awhile. He and his younger brother were just--ahh--removed from their mother's care. Apparently she had a drug problem.


SHARE YOUR SUMMER VACATION!
Ya Allah! That sweet child!
His grandparents have been granted custody. Nice people, but--they're scrambling to make ends meet.
They haven't paid Bruno's activity fees for the year, so I'm not sure he'll be going on our field trip.
Mrs. Bartholomew, we would be happy to pay the boy's fees on their behalf.
That's-- that's very generous, Mr. Khan, but if you're not a relative, I--
We insist.
Kamala, go play with the nice little boy in the corner.
You mean the stinky one?!
Never say such an unkind thing again.
You never know what people have been through. Sometimes people are not at their best. Sometimes families get separated. You should know that better than most.
Because my great-grandma walked from Mumbai to Karachi during Partition, and now we're thousands of miles away, all so I could have a safe, comfortable life, and I should be grateful--
Yes. Now go make friends with the little boy.

Hi.
Umm... hi.
Y-you don't have to sit here.
I ♥ ST
S'okay.
Hey! YOU like Tween Mutant Samurai Turtles TOO?
Yeah. I have all the action figures at--at my other house.
Wow. What are those?
Oh--just some of my mom's old jewelry from Pakistan--they're silly--
No, they're not...
...I think they're really pretty.


Jersey City Medical Center.
Present Day.
I DON'T SEE THE WIRES. I DON'T SEE THE BREATHING TUBE. I DON'T HEAR THE MONITORS.
I SEE A SEVEN-YEAR OLD KID WITH A BAND-AID ON HIS CHIN.
A KID WHO PROVED EVERYBODY WRONG.


PROVE THEM WRONG AGAIN, BRUNO. WAKE UP... WAKE UP...
Mr. Carrelli! Let's take another look at those O2 sats--
Oh!
I didn't see you there!
Holy cow...
Are you...uhh... family?
...Yeah. Yeah, I am.
Is he... is he going to...?
It's too early to say. He has third degree burns all over his left side, and he's been unconscious since the explosion.

If he lives, he might walk again, with physical therapy, but there'll be some lingering paralysis on his left side.
And he's lost the use of that hand.
But he's left-handed! He makes things--that's his life--if he can't work in the lab, he'll--
I can't believe this is happening--
Do you--uhh--need some time alone, or something?
I need to erase the past twenty-four hours and start over.
ALL OF A SUDDEN, IT FEELS LIKE I'VE BEEN PLAYING PRETEND.
DRESSING UP AS A MAKE-BELIEVE SUPER HERO AND FIGHTING MAKE-BELIEVE CRIME.
AND NOW...
...NOW IT'S REAL. VERY, VERY REAL.

Jersey City Waterfront.
Later that day.
What a wreck.
Base of operations destroyed, prisoners escaped, police and press crawling all over the place--
It's like people don't want a safer world--
WOMP!

How come Ulysses didn't know?
How come he knew that Josh was planning to attack Coles Academic, but not that Bruno was going to end up in a coma trying to free him?
That's not how it works. He's not omniscient.
Trying to override an electromagnetic lock with more electricity is just dumb, especially for a genius.
By mounting that silly rescue mission, your friend changed the timeline. That's his fault, not Ulysses'.
His fault? He was trying to get his friend out of extra-legal detention, and it's his fault?
Yeah, we put Josh Richardson in a cell overnight. And saved dozens of lives in the process.
And who authorized us to keep him there, even after that Bruno kid got mad about it?
JOSH...BRUNO... I COULD HAVE STOPPED THIS.
You're right. This is my fault.
I was put in charge of this experiment.
And now I'm shutting it down.

You can't do that. We've been doing good work here in Jersey City. Major crime is down 20%.
You're letting yourself get distracted by *collateral damage.*
A life is a life. You don't get to decide which ones are collateral damage.
Walk away. Last chance.
Becky, maybe we should talk about--
No. We've come too far for that. Predictive justice is *working*--we can't let Ulysses and Captain Marvel down--
CLICK!
Someone has to fight for the future.

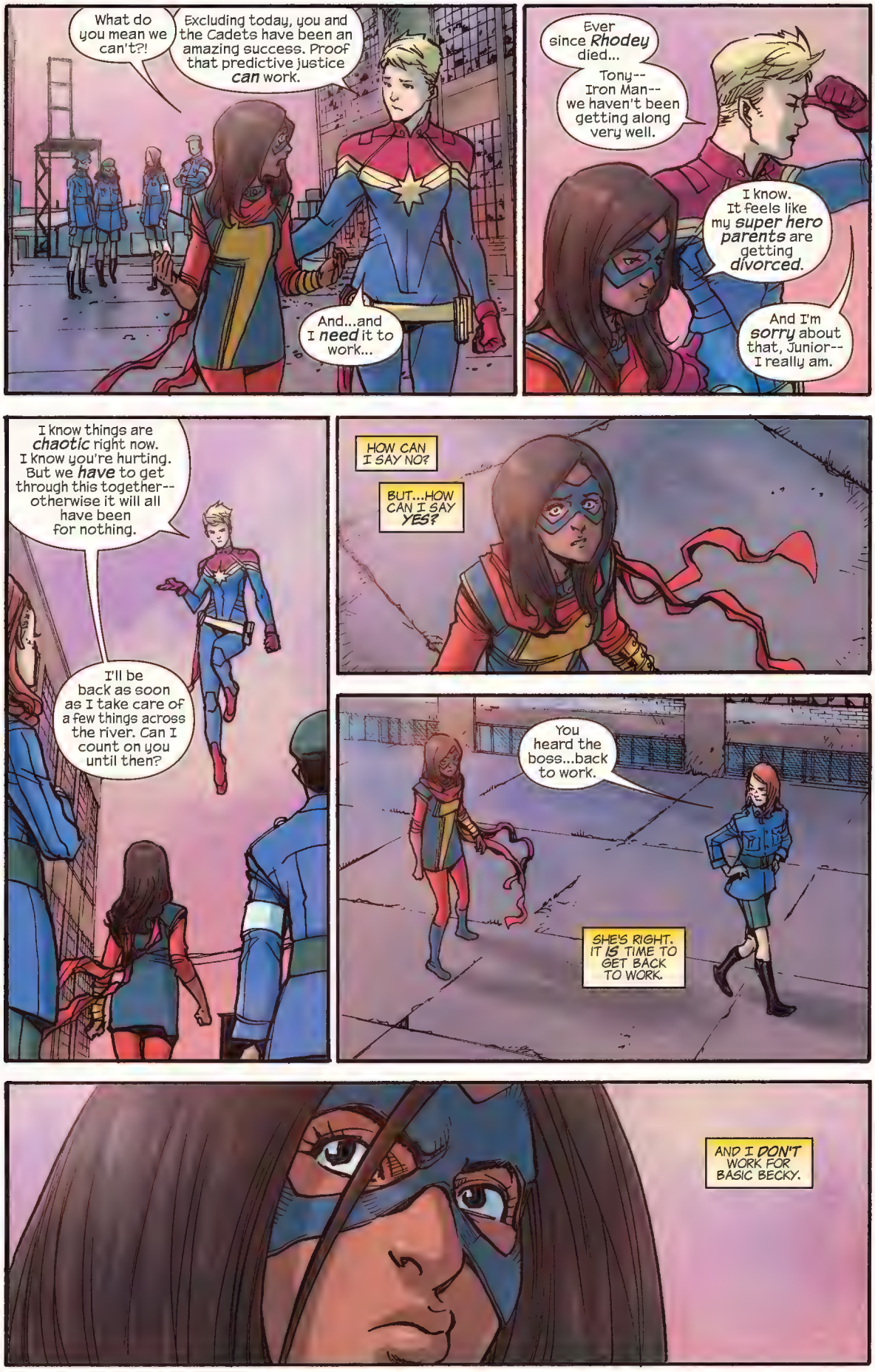
OOOH, SHINY ARMOR. CUTE.
SOMEONE'S BEEN PLAYING TOO MANY VIDEO GA--

WHAM!
WHOA. OKAY.
Plasma armor. Custom made. Isn't it awesome?
Hnngh--
Guys, I really don't think--
Oof!
WHAP!!

What do we do?!
But--
Call her.
Call her.
WHOOSH!
You know what I've always thought is funny about your powers?
You exert so much force that you have to spend as much time trying not to hurt people as you do actually fighting.
WHOOSH!
Nnngh!
Like right now, you could totally just stomp on me, but I know you're not--
--huh?

Where'd she go?
I hate it when she does that.
ZZZZ!
AAACK!
It's not the size of the girl in the fight that counts...
It's the size of the fight in the girl!
And I'm feeling really fighty right about n--
Stand down, Junior!

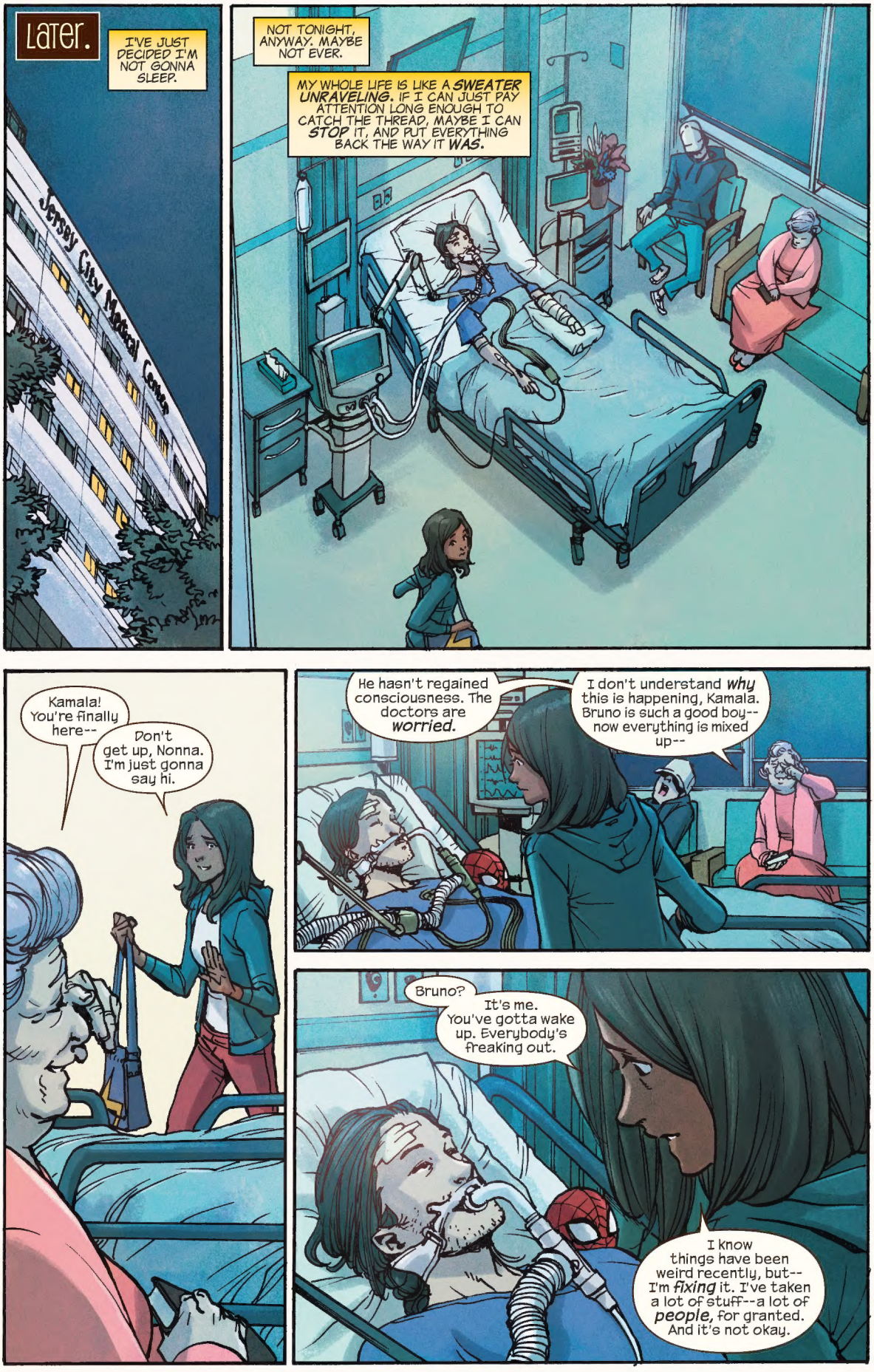
Someone had better explain what's going on here.
Now.
We're having a major disagreement.
I--I take responsibility for all of this.
Good.
I know you made me responsible for this team, but I'm also responsible for this city. I have to do what's right for JC.
We've gotta disband the Cadets.
We can't. Not yet.
Look--this predictive justice stuff isn't working.
I mean the predictive part is working, but not the justice part.
We're not creating fewer victims of crime--we're just creating different victims.

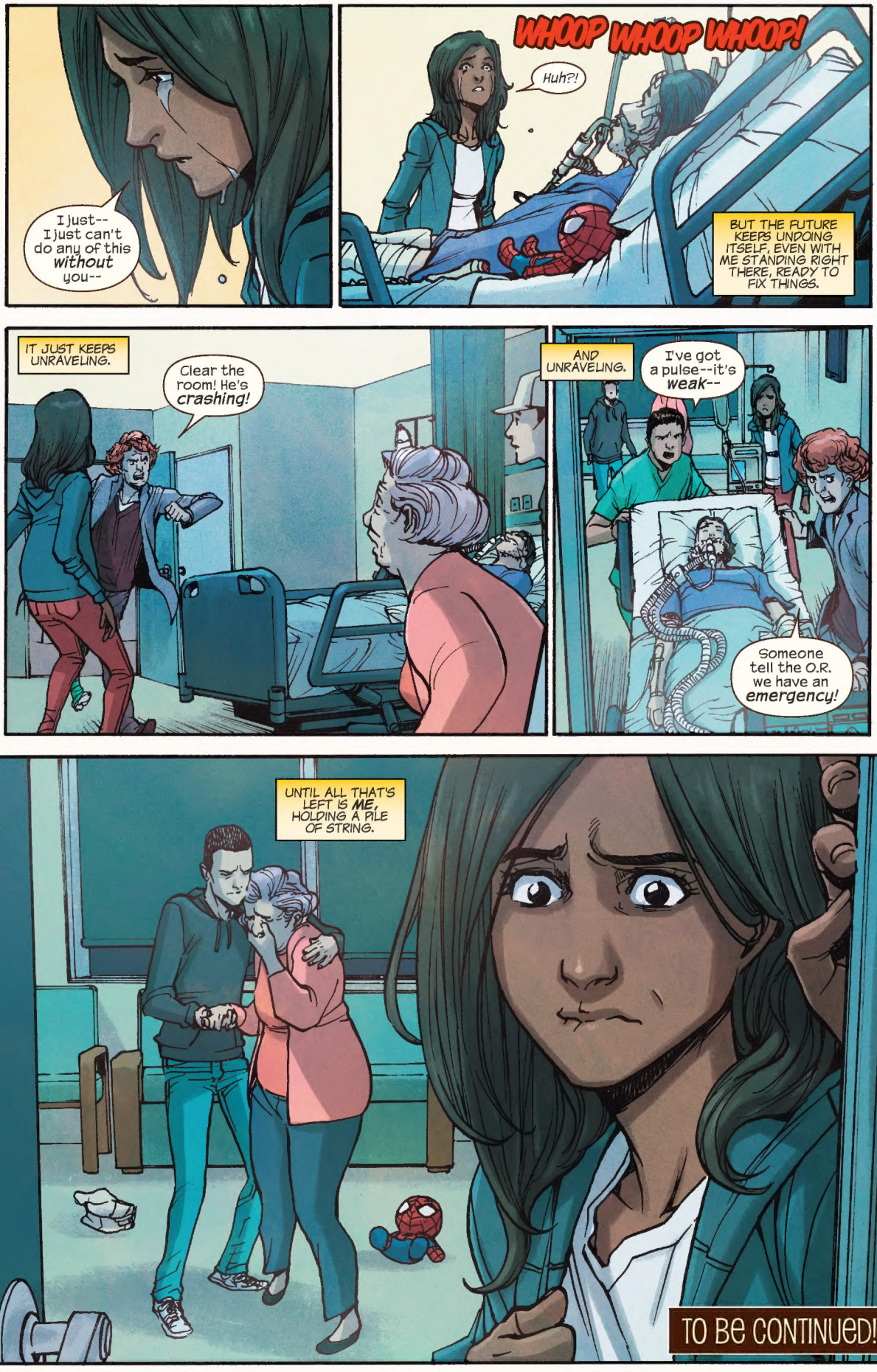

What do you mean we can't?!
Excluding today, you and the Cadets have been an amazing success. Proof that predictive justice *can* work.
And...and I *need* it to work...
Ever since *Rhodey* died...
Tony--Iron Man--we haven't been getting along very well.
I know. It feels like my *super hero parents* are getting *divorced*.
And I'm *sorry* about that, Junior--I really am.
I know things are *chaotic* right now. I know you're hurting. But we *have* to get through this together--otherwise it will all have been for nothing.
I'll be back as soon as I take care of a few things across the river. Can I count on you until then?
HOW CAN I SAY NO?
BUT...HOW CAN I SAY *YES*?
You heard the boss...back to work.
SHE'S RIGHT. IT *IS* TIME TO GET BACK TO WORK.
AND I *DON'T* WORK FOR BASIC BECKY.

What-- where is she going?
The pressure's too much for her. She's starting to *snap*.
Changing the future is a big responsibility.
Some people are too sentimental to handle it.
Ms. Marvel gets caught up in the excuses and sob stories of people who are too *lazy* and *entitled* to pull their lives together.
It makes her *weak*.
We've seen it.
And now, *Captain Marvel* sees it too.
It's only a matter of time before they're at each other's *throats*.
And that's when I'll make my move.

Later that evening.
IT DOESN'T TAKE ME LONG TO COME UP WITH THE BEGINNING OF A PLAN.
ONE THAT INVOLVES WADING INTO THE TERRITORY OF THE CANADIAN NINJA SYNDICATE AFTER JUST HAVING ROYALLY PISSED OFF THEIR LEADER.
CRUNCH!
THIS MAY OR MAY NOT BE A TERRIBLE IDEA.
BUT IF I CAN PROVE TO CAPTAIN MARVEL THAT PREDICTIVE JUSTICE IS FLAWED--THAT IT CAN BE RIGGED, THAT IT CAN CREATE THE PROBLEMS IT'S SUPPOSED TO SOLVE--
I'm looking for Hijinx!
Come out, come out wherever you are! We need to talk!
THEN MAYBE SHE'LL REALIZE HOW WRONG ALL THIS IS. AND THINGS CAN GO BACK TO NORMAL...

It was a stupid plan anyway...
WHAM!
Ulp!
You've got some nerve coming here after what happened yesterday.
I spent the whole afternoon in a cell, being yelled at by your little police state youth brigade.
Whatever you came here for, the answer is *no.*
What if I said I want you to plan a *crime?*
Go on.


Later.
I'VE JUST DECIDED I'M NOT GONNA SLEEP.
Jersey City Medical Center
NOT TONIGHT, ANYWAY. MAYBE NOT EVER.
MY WHOLE LIFE IS LIKE A SWEATER UNRAVELING. IF I CAN JUST PAY ATTENTION LONG ENOUGH TO CATCH THE THREAD, MAYBE I CAN STOP IT, AND PUT EVERYTHING BACK THE WAY IT WAS.
Kamala! You're finally here--
Don't get up, Nonna. I'm just gonna say hi.
He hasn't regained consciousness. The doctors are worried.
I don't understand why this is happening, Kamala. Bruno is such a good boy--now everything is mixed up--
Bruno?
It's me. You've gotta wake up. Everybody's freaking out.
I know things have been weird recently, but--I'm fixing it. I've taken a lot of stuff--a lot of people, for granted. And it's not okay.


I just-- I just can't do any of this *without* you--
WHOOP WHOOP WHOOP!
Huh?!
BUT THE FUTURE KEEPS UNDOING ITSELF, EVEN WITH ME STANDING RIGHT THERE, READY TO FIX THINGS.
IT JUST KEEPS UNRAVELING.
Clear the room! He's *crashing!*
AND UNRAVELING.
I've got a pulse--it's *weak*--
Someone tell the O.R. we have an *emergency!*
UNTIL ALL THAT'S LEFT IS *ME*, HOLDING A PILE OF STRING.
TO BE CONTINUED!

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